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AN ORATION

Spoken in the

GRAMMAR-SCHOOL

OF

CHRIST'S-HOSPITAL:

BEFORE

The Right Honourable the LORD-MAYOR, the Right Worſhipful the PRESIDENTS, the TREASURERS, and the reſt of the Worſhipful GOVERNOURS of the *Hoſpitals* of the Renowned City of *LONDON*, *Sept.* 21. 1675.

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ORATION

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Spoken in the

GRAMMAR-SCHOOL

OF

CHRISTS-HOSPITAL.

Right Honourable, Right Worſhipful,
And our moſt Worthy Patrons,

IT was the cuſtom among the *Romans* upon their ſolemn Feſtivals to complement the Aſſembly with a florid Oration, and recite

the worthy Acts, both of their warlike Heroes and Noble Senatours, the better to ſtir up others to emulate their Virtues, and by their acquired Glory, to perſwade them not to degenerate from ſo worthy Anceſtors.

And truely this *Septembers* Feſtival deſerves ſuch a commemoration, wherein we have the happineſs to behold the pleaſant Faces of You our Honoured Patrons, whoſe Worth and Merits call upon us for our beſt *Elogiums* and thankful Retributions. We are the Sons of Charity, whoſe fruitful Womb, we hope, will produce a conſtant ſucceſſion of ſuch, that ſhall teſtifie their gratitude, and pay their due Obſervance on their bended knees, to all that are the Authors of their preſent being.

We come this day before You as your Debtors, not to diſcharge the Principal, but to beg your acceptance of our poor Mite of Thankfulneſs,

as

as your due Intereſt. It is fit, that Orphans ſhould, on ſuch a day as this is, freely vent their thanks to God, and this Renowned City, wherein moſt of us have drawn our firſt breath, and found mercy in the day of our diſtreſs and ſorrow.

But who is able to undertake ſo lofty a Subject, which requires a ſublimer wit and ſtrain, than ſuch a poor Oratour as I am can attain to? Yet rather than *Londons* Praiſe, and our Patrons Merits ſhall be concealed, I my ſelf will venture to blaze them forth, that the whole Kingdom may ſee them in their native luſtre.

My Work (Right Honourable) is cut out before me parted into two Rivulets, *viz.* to make this renowned and famous City the Subject of our praiſe, and boldly to aſſert, That She ſurpaſſeth all others in her Acts of well-diſpoſed Charity.

All places almoſt abroad ſound

forth her worth and honour, and admire the Splendour of her Magiſtrates, the Dignity of her Senators, the wealthy Coffers of her Citizens; whilſt at home we pleaſe our Eyes with the beholding her goodly Symmetry of her Piles of Building, her Mannor-Houſes, ſpatious Halls, her Royal Byrſe, her Courts of Judicature and goodly Temples, all rais'd, as we ſee, out of heaps of Aſhes, to the admiration of all Spectators.

You are (moſt pious Senatours) Citizens of no mean City, one that is the Metropolis of the Kingdom, and the beſt *Emporeum* in the World for Trade and Commerce. A City that may above all others diſplay her Banners, and ſet up to publick view the Trophies of her memorable Acts and glorious Atchievements.

A goodly ſight indeed! to ſee her like *Jeruſalem* compact, and watered with dew from above; while Love and

and Concord embrace each other; free by Divine Goodneſs from the Injuries of Fate, and guarded by her wooden Caſtles, floating upon the Ocean, at whoſe Ports both the *Indies* take it as a kindneſs, that they may unlade their wealthy Traffick, and be admitted to a free Commerce.

But it is not my deſign to launch forth too far in the praiſe of *Londons* Glory and deſerved Grandeur, I leave that to the skill of thoſe, that can by a skilful Pencil pourtray its beauty and juſt ſplendour.

Give me leave, I beſeech You, (Right Honourable) to applaud the Excellency of her Acts of Charity, which indeed heightens her honour, and ſets forth her trueſt luſtre.

London is no Monopoliſt of her Wealth and Treaſure, but like a free Empereſs hath provided her pious Almoners, that ſcatter abroad her Largiaries with a free hand to the

poor and needy. It is a Noble Pattern that ſhe ſtrives to imitate; and what our Royal *Edward* of bleſſed memory firſt deſigned, that doth *Londons* Heroes endeavour to complete, by conſulting the Intereſt of the poor by impotency, the poor by caſualty, and the thriftleſs poor.

And in this *London* outvies all other Cities, in her equal diſtribution of her liberal bounty.

No more need the Lazar lament his pain and ſmart in *Londons* ſtreets, ſeeing God hath provided Balm in this our *Gilead*, to heal his wounds and alleviate his pain and anguiſh. St. *Bartholomew* and St. *Thomas* freely ſet open their Gates, to admit all Cripples and diſeaſed perſons: And theſe good *Samaritans* are ready at all times to pour in Oyl into their wounds, and bind them up with pity.

London hath provided a ſalve for every

every ſore, and a plaiſter large enough for the greateſt maladies. She hath prepared a *Betheſda*; Charity is the Angel that moves the waters, and makes them ſanative to all that ſtep in for cure.

Nor ſhall the Lunatick or raving Madman any longer affright us in the ſtreets, by their ghaſtly looks and diſcompoſed language, and direful execrations. For charitable *London* hath provided a *Bedlam* to reſtore them to their ſenſes. This word *Bedlam*, me thinks, ſtrikes terrour to my ſenſes, and the diſmal tone and accent of it fills me with horrour. What heart indeed is ſo flinty, that is not diſſolved into tears, at the view of ſuch ſpectacles of miſery? It is your Honour (Right Worſhipful) that you condole their misfortune, and have conſulted of late a more convenient place for Air and room for their reception: Not a *Bedlam*, but rather a Palace, for its beauty and ſplendour. Va-

Vagrants, begone! and no more infect the Air of *London* with your noyſom breath. It is pity, that ſuch a verminous brood ſhould ſwarm and poyſon our ſtreets. If you appear any more, there is the *Mittimus* of the Juſtice, and the compulſion of a Beadle, that ſhall conduct you to a *Bridewell*, where you ſhall meet with the laſh, and be taught the Leſſon of Induſtry.

It troubles me (Worthy Sirs) that your Charity, which knows no other Aſpect, than of pleaſing ſmiles, ſhould be thus conſtrained to wrinkled frowns, by making thoſe idle packs to taſte of the bitter potion of correction, that they may prevent worſer evils that attend them.

It is the praiſe of thoſe that are under your Oeconomy, that they apply themſelves to Induſtry, and purſue thoſe Arts, that will in time gratifie their labour. That Morality and So-

Sobriety which they have learned under your diſcipline, will make them wiſe and prudent, while others, that are headſtrong and rebellious, juſtly reap the fruits of their folly, by ſmart and ſhame.

But I will leave theſe Patients to concoct their phyſick: Time perhaps, and due inſpection over their carriage, may at length perfect their cure.

Bravely have You done, (Moſt Noble Senatours) that You have ſo freely eſpouſed the Cauſe of the poor, and pitied their miſery. To your honour be it ſpoken, that your zeal to God's Glory, and your love you bear to this famous City, prompts you to be emulous, and to outvye each other in promoting Charity.

And now let the bold Atheiſt retract his errour, and begin to admire a Deity, whoſe power no one can confront with ſafety, nor equal His good-

goodneſs. Let him but obſerve the *Series* of Providence, and gracious ſupply, that is made for us little Frey, who are preſent here this day, as lively monuments of His mercy, and then he will be convinced, that there is a God that governs the world, and ſuſtains it by His power.

You are (Right Honourable and our Moſt Worthy Patrons) Gods *Delegates* and *faithful Truſtees* for poor Orphans, whoſe native bounty and goodneſs excites you to Acts of mercy towards the Fatherleſs and diſtreſſed Widow, whoſe naked backs are cloathed, hungry bellies repleniſhed, and ſupplied with all neceſſaries, both for ſoul and body.

An *Orphanotrophium* indeed! wherein charitable *London* hath ſhewed her bounty to the full, in furniſhing us with thoſe advantages, that may make us uſeful to ſucceeding Ages.

Farewel our doubtful cares and preſſing

preſſing ſorrows, which once overwhelmed us like a mighty torrent. Our fears of want are prevented, and we ſeated in a quiet habitation, where your bounteous liberality bids us hope to better our fortunes. Ah, that we were wiſe in improving our opportunities, that are handed to us! We will through God's help ſet ſpurs to our diligence, that we may by our good proficiency commend the care and faithfulneſs of our Worthy Tutors. From our Souls we thank You (Moſt Worthy Patrons) that you have taken ſuch care for our education, that whatſoever Employment God ſhall diſpoſe us unto, we may ſo apply our ſelves, that we may excel in them.

As for us, we are the *Muſes* Souldiers, and *Minerva's* Attendants: Our Studies are our Warfare, and in time we hope to prove good Combitants; ſeeing Your Worſhips furniſh us with all Accompliſhments for uſe and benefit. Yonder

Yonder is our Armory (Thanks to that Noble Hand that lately founded and completed it:) There have we Arms, offenſive and defenſive, to aſſail our Opponents: I mean a Library, furniſhed in ſome meaſure with Books to accommodate us in our Studies, where ſome of us are admiring *Cicero*'s Eloquence, and fitting our ſelves for Academical Studies; others converſing with the Mathematicks, that they may the better underſtand the Speculation of the Heavenly Bodies, and ſurvey the Globes of the World ſo accurately, that they may traverſe the Ocean, diſcourſe of Countries and their ſeveral Climates.

But I fear (Right Honourable, Right Worſhipful, and our Moſt Worthy Patrons) leſt while we are boaſting of our warlike proviſion, we may meet with a ſudden Engagement, and thereby hinder the End of your Solemn Meeting. Let me, I beſeech you, ſound a Parley, and I have done. May

May all the Affluence of the milder Heavens be accumulated upon famous and renowned *London*.

May Her Noble Senatours, our Pious Patrons, and Worthy Citizens, be bleſt with Plenty, Peace, Health, and Safety.

Long live our Gracious Sovereign and Noble Queen, with all the Branches of the Royal Stem.

Long may this Kingdom flouriſh, and be preſerved from Civil Jars and Forein Invaſions.

Benjamin Long, Orphan.

FINIS.

May all the Affluence of the milder Heavens be accumulated upon famous and renowned *London*.

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FINIS